And rather, as it ſeemes to me, thou keepeſt from me,
All conueniency, then ſupplieſt me, with the leaſt
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perſwaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue fooliſhly ſufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me moſt vniuſtly.

Rod. I haue waſted my ſelfe out of meanes: the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Deſdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votariſt: you haue told me ſhe has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of ſuddaine reſpect, and acquittance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, by this hand, I ſay tis very ſcuruy, and begin to finde my ſelfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I ſay it is not very well: I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Deſdemona*, if ſhe will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my ſuite, and repent my vnlawfull ſollicitation, if not, aſſure your ſelfe I'le ſeeke ſatisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue ſaid now.

Rod. I, and I haue ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I ſee there's mettle in thee, and euen from this time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt conception, but yet I proteſt, I haue delt moſt directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your ſuſpition is not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reaſon to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpoſe, courage, and valour, this night ſhew it, if thou the next night following enioyeſt not *Deſdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuiſe engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well, is it within reaſon and compaſſe?

Iag. Sir, there is eſpeciall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Caſsio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Deſdemona*, vnleſſe his abode be linger'd
Here by ſome accident, wherein none can be ſo
determinate, as the remouing of *Caſsio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your ſelfe a profit, and right, hee ſups to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him; --- he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will faſhion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleaſure: I will be neere to ſecond your attempt, and hee ſhall fall betweene vs: come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time, and the night growes to waſt: about it.

Enter *Othello*, *Deſdemona*, *Lodouico*, *Emilia*, and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this

Iag. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. *Ex.* Iag. *and* Rod.

Lod. I do beſeech you ſir, trouble your ſelfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it ſhall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walke ſir: --- O *Deſdemona*.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the inſtant I will be return'd, forthwith, diſpatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Deſ. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.